

The Musical World.

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CH. GOFFRIE.

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The whole of the above Works will be continued regularly in the Year 1857.

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REVIEWS.

SONGS FOR A WINTER NIGHT.—The poetry from the most eminent authors—the music (dedicated to Thomas Dyson, Esq.,) by Edward Francis Fitzwilliam, Musical Director at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

SIX DRAMATIC SONGS, for a bass voice (dedicated, in homage to his transcendent dramatic genius, to Meyerbeer.)

SIX DRAMATIC SONGS, for a tenor voice (dedicated to W. Hanson, Esq.)

SIX DRAMATIC SONGS, for a contralto voice (dedicated to Miss Palmer).

SIX DRAMATIC SONGS, for a soprano voice (dedicated to Miss Louisa Pyne). By Edward Francis Fitzwilliam.

We find in many of these songs the evidence of thought united to intelligence, earnestness, and a certain amount of fancy. We also detect in many of them the appearance of labour—as if the ideas were rather sought than spontaneous, and as if to make a peculiar kind of accompaniment were both a foregone conclusion and a difficulty. Possibly we err, and Mr. Fitzwilliam may challenge us for accrediting him with the precise qualities in which he is deficient, while denying him others that he really possesses. We can only argue from our convictions, and these are derived from a careful perusal of the compositions above enumerated—a task which we readily confess has been one of interest. The impression left upon us, however, is in a great measure unsatisfactory. We seem to have risen from the contemplation of something that ought to be good, rather than of something that is positively good. Let us instance one of the Dramatic Songs for a tenor voice—"A Lyric of Love," set to some rather high-flown verses by Mr. Gerald Massey—as an example of what we mean. Now this little song *ought to be* good, and would be but for blemishes, which, like pimples on a pretty face, are the less welcome from being where they are. Here we have a melody that might be graceful, an accompaniment that might be natural and flowing, but which are neither exactly. Let us adduce a few of the "pimples." And first the twisted melody of the symphony:



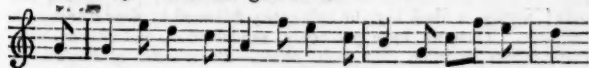
This could scarcely be harmonised well, but still the first bar might have been harmonised better than as subjoined:—



There are laws even for *pedales*, and nothing can render the third chord of the above agreeable, in the manner of its occurrence. The last bar, too, contains a couple of awkward chords of B major:—

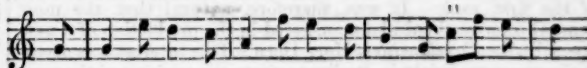


The melody of the air begins thus:—



The bird that nestles nearest earth, &c,

The tune could not possibly have come to Mr. Fitzwilliam in this shape; it must have been *picked out* upon the pianoforte or some other instrument. Had it come unsolicited, it might have addressed the musician thus:—



The above sounds at least naturally and consistently, while in the form presented by Mr. Fitzwilliam it sounds neither one nor the other. His version is not *singable*, and tunes are made to be sung. How feebly, too, the phrase limps on to its first cadence:—



We protest against this as no melody at all—but notes, mere notes. Nor are these "notes" correctly harmonised, as may be seen from the following:—



Nothing can be more "uncanonical," in the manner of its occurrence, than the suspension of the E over the note which is also the note of the bass.

One who writes thus laboriously (or thus negligently—we are open to correction) should not write so much; or at least should publish less. And now let us proceed to a more agreeable part of our task.

(To be continued.)

"THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND." Adapted to their appropriate melodies, by George Farquhar Graham.

Perhaps the most complete and carefully arranged collection extant of the beautiful melodies of the Scottish people, whose historical and legendary associations are as picturesque and romantic as they are countless. There is only one defect in Mr. Graham's book; and this, perhaps, after all, regarding it in the light of a work of reference, is not fairly to be noted as a defect at all. We allude to the fact that the melodies (unlike the English tunes, in the admirable and comprehensive publication of Mr. W. Chappell, all of which have been harmonised by the experienced hand of Mr. Macfarren) are presented without accompaniments.

The notices, historical, biographical, and critical—not to forget the able and well-written preface, so full of interesting information—display the most active and penetrating research, and are honorable alike to the scholarship of Mr. Graham and to his enthusiasm for the task he has undertaken. In this preface the Editor expresses his acknowledgments to Mr. J. T. Surenne (a professor of music resident at Edinburgh) for his "minute revision of the whole of the airs as they appeared in the proof sheets." Does this simply imply that Mr. Surenne corrected the engraver's errors?—or that he altered, modified, or otherwise meddled with the tunes? We should like to have this explained. Meanwhile we strongly recommend the volume to all who are curious about national melodies.

HERR DORN'S NEW OPERA.

(Translated from the "Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung.")

A NEW Opera is an event for every theatre, especially for one of the first rank. It was, therefore, natural that the most general interest should be manifested in the production of a new opera by the *Capellmeister*, Herr Dorn. This interest was necessarily the more lively in Berlin, as, from the position of the composer, and the extraordinary success of his last opera, *Die Niebelungen*, public expectation was raised to the highest pitch. The opera is called *Ein Tag in Russland* (*A Day in Russia*), the text being taken from the French by that skilful libretto writer, Herr Grünbaum, who has portioned out his subject into three acts, of which the last is, properly speaking, to be considered only as a ballet conclusion of the whole, and is, therefore, not to be included in it. But the two acts alone are, perhaps, too long and circumstantial for the subject, because the action is really not sufficiently great to be limited to a few dramatic scenes, if it is intended to excite any interest. A noble Russian discovers, immediately after his marriage, that his young bride is far from possessing amiable qualities, and determines to cure her in a peculiar manner. He sets out for St. Petersburg, and proceeds to a joiner's, adopting measures for the carriage, in which his young bride is travelling, to break down in the neighbourhood, so that the lady is compelled to seek refuge in the house of the joiner, while the latter mends the vehicle. She here finds her husband as a workman, and is not a little astonished at a noble countess, like herself, being married to such a person. The deception practised by her husband excites her anger to the highest pitch. After the most decided efforts have been made in the joiner's work-shop, on the part of the youthful wife, to strike fear into the whole plebeian set, and on the part of the latter to behave in the best possible manner towards their visitor, the authorities make their appearance, and carry off the entire company. The scene is now transported to the castle of the Count, and the latter's sister espouses so far the cause of the youthful wife as to manifest her willingness to aid her in obtaining a separation from the joiner's journeyman. The lady, who, in the meantime, feels more and more disposed to love her husband, regrets this, and, while she is still hesitating what resolution to adopt, the supposed journeyman enters, and the question of a divorce is thus quashed of itself. The concluding ballet ends the whole most pleasingly. The explanation afterwards is very simple, and contains no really comic motives. Whatever comic element there may be in the book consists merely in the delineation and treatment of separate traits and situations. The most piquant scene of this description occurs at the beginning of the second act, where the baroness draws a picture of the effect which will be produced, at the Court of St. Petersburg, by so strange a marriage. She calls to mind a Lord Chamberlain, an equerry, and a general's wife, who speak broken German or French. This is a species of comicality which is merely external, but, when rendered by so talented and delicate a dramatic artist as Madlle. Johanna Wagner, it produces a decided effect, and obtained an extraordinary degree of success during the whole representation. The composer, whose skill in expressing musically comic situations of this kind is universally acknowledged, employs the musical means at his disposal very effectively in this instance also. Out of the grand air, likewise, sung by the Baroness previous to this scene, and in which she draws a picture of the brilliant round of parties and balls in Paris (for in the Baroness we have to fancy a character in which a certain amount of good nature is united to a partiality for external magnificence, and an aristocratic, social mode of life), the composer has produced an interesting whole. The whole composition, and not alone its first arrangement and plan, forms a tastefully finished piece of music. We must especially acknowledge the skill with which entire passages from Weber, Mozart, Spohr, Meyerbeer, etc., are interwoven in the author's intentions (for the Baroness has even to dance in this air, which task, *à la Pepita*, Madlle. Wagner executes with the best possible taste, by implying rather than actually carrying it out). Although this is an ornamentation composed of borrowed plumes, and imparts to the music the stamp of a pleasing *pot-pourri*, we must prominently notice the tech-

nical skill which has, notwithstanding, produced one whole out of this scene. Whether such a style of treatment is one to be artistically justified, and whether it ought to be adopted in opera, even in comic opera, is another question. The Inspector's "Knutenlied" (Knout-song), also, is very cleverly worked out, painting and portraying the situation in the most lively fashion. Whether it will produce a comic impression on every audience is a question we will leave undecided, for this would, perhaps, depend on the manner in which the entire libretto was received. Should it, however, find a cold reception, people would scarcely be inclined impartially and justly to appreciate the musical talent contained in the composition. As it appears to us, the principal fault of the work is that the composer should have employed his talent and his art on a subject which may, possibly, produce at the very outset an unfavourable impression. Still, it is not beyond the limits of possibility that, by omitting certain portions, these drawbacks might be surmounted, and a more favourable result assured to the whole. We were very agreeably impressed with a ballet fugue, which begins the third act. It is, at any rate, something new to write a complete fugue for a dance. True it is, that for the perfect success of this piece we require as excellent a *corps-de-ballet* as that which we possess, and as admirable a *maître-de-ballet* as M. Taglioni. But, however this may be, the effect of the ensemble is, in the highest degree, attractive. The dances of the third act are, in consequence, of a very pleasing character. The first act, which must be improved by curtailments in the music, contains detached passages, which are attractive and musically pleasing, but weakened by want of interest in the story, which contains too little action. There is not the slightest doubt that, when it has received the necessary alterations, the work will gain on the public. We must, however, leave it to the composer to display the proper tact under such circumstances. As the Baroness stands out prominently in the foreground, and as Madlle. Wagner is a most admirable representative of the part, to her belongs a principal share of the manifestations of applause with which the work was greeted. The other parts, which, also, were well supported (Madame Herrenburg-Tuczek, the Countess Poleska; Herr Formes, the Count—and joiner's journeyman; Herr Krause, the master-joiner; Herr Bost, the inspector; and Madlle. Gey, the joiner's daughter) possess animation, when regarded separately; they contain, also, many pleasing and happy musical effects, and will come out more strongly when the whole is more concentrated. May the composer find some happy hours for this purpose. The audience received the opera favourably; the composer was called on after the first act, and considerable applause bestowed on the artists. We shall enter on a more detailed criticism of the work after it has been repeated a few times.—*Berlin, Dec. 28.*

PICCOLOMINI.—A contemporary, in giving a sketch of the artistical career of Madlle. Piccolomini, mentions an anecdote too good not to be repeated. He tells us that her *début* took place at Florence before she was sixteen years of age, and that the rôle selected of all others for the occasion was the terrible *Lucrezia Borgia*. Her appearance, at present extremely juvenile, was then infinitely more so; but notwithstanding this *in vraisemblance*, the opera went off with the greatest applause until her dispute with the duke, where Lucrezia exclaims, "Tremble! Duke Alfonso! Thou art my fourth husband, and I am a Borgia!" This passage, in the mouth of a child, so completely overthrew the gravity of the audience that an uncontrollable burst of laughter issued from every part of the theatre.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

THE GAMUT OF ODOURS.—Scents appear to influence the smelling nerves in certain definite degrees. There is as it were an octave of odours, like an octave in music. Certain odours blend in unison like the notes of an instrument. For instance almond, heliotrope, vanilla, and orange blossom blend together, each producing different degrees of a nearly similar impression. Again, we have citron, lemon, verbena, and orange peel, forming a higher octave of smells, which blend in a similar manner. The figure is completed by what are called semi-odours, such as rose and rose-geranium for the half-note; petty-grain, the note; neroly, a black key, or half-note; followed by *fleur d'orange*, a full note. Then we have patchouly, sandal-wood, and vitivert, with many others running into each other.—*Piessé's Art of Perfumery, 2nd Edition.*

THE ANNIVERSARY OF "ROBERT LE DIABLE," AND THE STYLE OF MEYERBEER.

(From the German of J. Schuch.)

SINCE the thinking mind has arrived at the knowledge of this truth; that the whole spiritual life of man, as displayed in the phenomena of feeling, sensation, and thought, is manifested in poetry, music, and plastic art; and that hence the artistical products of the civilised peoples of every age exhibit the realised idea-life in its world-historical development, thus giving the most accurate reflection of the physiognomy of the mind of all peoples, as it strikes out into life;—since, we say, the attainment of this result by philosophical investigation, criticism, and art have taken a form quite different from that which they wore at an earlier period, we now no longer regard works of art as the emanation of individual idiosyncrasies, determined by temporary causes, and modified by the various relations of life, but we apprehend them as the objective-rendered thought of the creative subjectivity of the human mind; we discern through them the great organic process of development in the world's history, because in them the life of thought and idea proper to all humanity struggles forth in an organic shape, and exhibits itself in beautiful forms. Just as in the spiritual life of a productive mind every one of its works is produced with freedom and necessity in the course of time, so that one work calls forth and conditions another in the organic sequence of thought; so, also, in the great course of development—taken by the spiritual history of man—does one mind call forth another by the inspiring animation of its works, and thus tempt it to creative activity. For, in this activity—in this continual realization of the subjective life of thought in real objects—in this formation and shaping of ideas to beautiful works of art, does the productive mind find its deepest satisfaction, and the highest bliss attainable in the career of earthly existence. Nay, its inmost nature determines and impels it to production, as the only means of manifesting its true existence. From this point of view must the works, and the whole spiritual activity of those artists who have made epochs in the world's history, be judged and classified; for, only thus, will it be possible to estimate them impartially and correctly.

Since every truly productive mind is distinguished from its predecessors, by exhibiting richer and more profound thoughts in forms otherwise modified and more extensive, it necessarily, when first it announces its embodied idea to the large multitude, will experience a degree of opposition and censure, which often degenerates into the most malicious calumnies. At first it will find only a few minds capable of comprehending, understanding, and enjoying its grand and original productions; a part of the public will stand in mute astonishment, the other part, by far the most important in number, will resort to persecutions of every kind. Then that envy, so deeply rooted in so many hearts, which seeks to debase everything high and noble wherever it be found—that hideous envy which the ancients personified as an especial divinity (so well did they perceive its injurious influence)—likewise comes in, refusing to acknowledge every rising genius, and to concede its right to existence. The envious levelling spirit always seeks to dwarf every prominent mind, and, if possible, to render it ridiculous, or even contemptible. The most decided works of genius are scorned, scoffed at, and caricatured, partly from envenomed malice, partly from ignorance and narrowness of mind. No one will find this description too severe; for the history of all times, and the biography of every epoch-making thinker and poet, proves the truth of my assertion. For many a young and noble spirit has been checked and broken in the early development of its productive activity, and has been forced to sink into the grave in the bloom of life because it has not had enough strength and inflexible energy to resist every venomous persecution, and to meet the scorn of the multitude with the stoic calm and dignity of the self-conscious thinker.

Now Meyerbeer may be classed with those composers whose lot it has especially been to be assailed by hostile criticism in the most violent and immoderate manner. In the time of his boyhood he was admired on account of his masterly performance on the piano and his natural talent for music, but when, as a young man, after the deepest scientific and artistic studies, he came forward with his operas and other works on a large scale, a storm was raised against him amongst the musical critics, such as scarcely any composer has been forced to endure. Even his most intimate friends and the companions of his former studies turned away from him, with the cry that he had betrayed the German mind to the mindless foreigner. Heavy was the complaint that this highly-gifted Meyerbeer was belying his whole German intellectual nature, and instead of solid works was merely composing fashionable trifles in the French-Italian style. Others there were who judged of him in an opposite spirit; but I should become too prolix were I to cite all the gossip that was then circulated in journals and

cafés, and which has now passed away, without leaving a trace behind. Meyerbeer, deeply embittered and offended by attacks that were often rude and unmeasured, quitted Germany for years. Crossing the Alps he visited poetical Italy, that in its mild atmosphere he might recover from the wounds inflicted by the rude critics of the North. There he plunged himself into the rich life of sense and feeling,—into the whole thought and being of the deeply-sensitive Italians. He rejoiced at their joys, and felt for their sorrows; amid gentle zephyrs, fragrant myrtles, and balaam-breathing orange-blossoms, his spirit rioted as in a new life. The icy winds and hailstorms of the North lived only in his remembrance. There, beneath a clear azure sky, amid gentle lays, that meeting him in every path breathed the delights of love,—there did his wounded heart recover, and his mind became fortified for new creative activity. Melodies, deeply significant, and laden with delight, began to develop themselves in his mind, and to assume those larger shapes, which in his later operas became objective, as suitable forms of art. However, he did not yet venture upon the completion of great works; for there was a land that he had yet to become acquainted with as accurately as with Germany and Italy. He went to France, and visited the metropolis of intelligence.

At Paris he passed from the soft, sentimental life of the Italians to the cheerful, exciting worldly gaiety of the sanguine Frenchman. The softly complaining elegies of the Italian mind were thrust into the background by the laughing earthy joys of the voluptuous capital. Here, amid wine and play, and the song of beauties, who regarded pleasure as the perfection of terrestrial happiness, our Meyerbeer awakened to a fresh enjoyment of life, and with newly strengthened powers of mind, became once more productive. With the restlessly active, fiery spirit of the French, with the patience and erudite profundity of the Germans, and with the æsthetic delicacy of the Italians, he achieved a new opera, entitled *Robert le Diable*, which, according to Veron's account, was first performed at Paris, on the 21st of November, 1831, and from thence, within a short period, commenced a tour round the globe to find a home with every cultivated nation in the five divisions of the earth.

This was Meyerbeer's first really great intellectual act. *Robert* has now for twenty-five years proclaimed the high mental power and the genius of its creator. In every place, and to every nation, he has clearly and irrefutably proved that the true ideal of the high and beautiful—which is always, at the same time, the high ideal of the morally good—may often, and for a long time, be persecuted and obscured by the dark principle of evil, in order that it may be finally perverted and destroyed by negating activity; but that by means of its internal spirit-nature it ultimately triumphs, and thus fulfils the eternal judgment of condemnation pronounced against the Satanic evil principle, so as to uproot it utterly.

In judging the works belonging to Meyerbeer's later period, we ought not to underestimate the long residence of the composer in Italy and France. The life that Meyerbeer led in those two countries, and his deep studies of the intellect and heart of the people, as revealed in every kind of social relation; those studies of collective national life have exercised the most essential influence on his mighty creative power, which now stands unsurpassable as far as concerns truthful dramatic situation, and will be regarded as a pattern and an ideal for many people of the future.

As I have here set myself the task of characterising Meyerbeer's style, and following it in its genetic development, I am compelled to pay special attention to the whole course of his intellectual culture, to which I shall presently return. I now proceed to the consideration of his earliest creative activity, as manifested in his first compositions.

However, to give my readers a clear notion of Meyerbeer's style and general manner, I must take into account all the spiritual influences of the age upon the productive power of the artist, and show the causal relation in which they stand to the aggregate activity of poets and thinkers. Only by laying down their fundamental preliminaries will it be possible for me to give a true picture of the man's style, and his general mental activity. I shall then consider and characterise his most important works in chronological order, so as to apprehend the grand development of his creative mind in all its manifestations; for only by means of such fundamental knowledge can this spiritual phenomenon be really understood and appreciated.

(To be continued.)

VERDI'S NEW OPERA.—The new opera, composed by Signor Verdi for the Fenice, at Vienna, against the approaching Carnival, is entitled *Simon Boccanegra*. The author of the libretto is Signor F. M. Piave, who has taken the subject from a Spanish drama.

HERR FORMES IN TROUBLE.

(From the Manchester Examiner.)

THE vocalist for the night (at M. Jullien's Manchester concert) was Herr Formes; and here we have to introduce a little episode, which, though intended as mischief, proved a very harmless and even ridiculous piece of business. A certain small party of weak-headed young gentlemen having first made our conservative contemporary the organ of their abuse, contrived to circulate a number of slips among the visitors to the hall, on which was printed "*Remember Herr Formes' conduct on the occasion of Mr. Charles Hallé's Miscellaneous Concert. Hiss!*" The cause was the absence of Herr Formes at a recent concert given by Mr. Hallé; but it was rather difficult to understand why those who went to enjoy a concert given by M. Jullien should be subject to an annoyance of the kind. They paid their money to hear Herr Formes, and would feel disposed to let the parties aggrieved fight out their quarrel elsewhere. We can easily understand that a gentleman like Mr. Hallé would be ready to cry out "Save me from my friends,"—at all events, such friends. On Herr Formes appearing the "cackling" commenced, but the birds who were so effectual in saving Rome, had no voice here; a round of applause burst forth from all parts of the hall, and an encore of the most enthusiastic character settled the question. It was one of the smallest pieces of mischief we remember to have witnessed on any similar occasion, and seemed only to increase the public favour for Formes, from whom we have since received the following communication:—

To the Editor of the Manchester Examiner and Times.

SIR,—I should feel deeply obliged by the insertion of the following, as an explanation of my non-appearance at the concert given by Mr. C. Hallé in the Free Trade Hall on the 17th instant:—At two o'clock in the afternoon of Friday the 12th, I received in London a telegraphic message from Berlin, requiring me to be in that city at the very earliest moment possible, in order to be present at the examination of my son. He is a student in the King's College, Berlin. By the laws of Prussia, every young man, at the age of twenty years, must serve three years in the army, but if he be a student or of the nobility, he may, after passing through the college, submit himself to an examination, as a test of his fitness for an officer, and in the event of being successful, he is liable to only one year of compulsory service. But, sir, when the father of any such student is alive, it is absolutely requisite to success that he should attend before the military commission, in order personally to attest the identity of his son. This, sir, was my position; and I need scarcely ask you, or the public, to believe that I was anxious to be present at the examination—which, I may add, must be gone through one year before the period arrives at which the students are liable to the conscription. I was compelled to leave London early on Saturday; all my time after receiving the message was engaged in procuring my passport and making other necessary arrangements, and I could not, I assure you, write personally to Mr. Hallé to explain and apologise for the disappointment I was necessitated to cause. But, sir, I directed my secretary to write to that effect early on the Saturday morning. If he did not do so, he disobeyed my express instructions, and I very much regret it. I can most safely affirm that by no wilful or avoidable act of mine would I have caused annoyance or disappointment to my friend Mr. Hallé, and I am too deeply sensible of the kindly warmth with which I have ever been received in Manchester, not to desire, by all means, to avoid disappointing my friends amongst the public. I will only add that, by my presence in Berlin, I succeeded in securing for my son the one year's service only.—I am, sir, very respectfully yours,

Manchester, December 29, 1856.

CARL FORMES.

There are few, we think, who, whilst regretting the absence of Herr Formes on the occasion referred to, will be inclined to refuse him their sympathy under the circumstances; but, whether or not, we are sure the better portion of the public will not recognise the attempt at disturbing an audience which gathers together, not to settle quarrels, but for the sake of hearing good music executed by those whom they respect as artists.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY AT EPSOM.—This society have just completed its thirty-first land purchase at Epsom, in West Surrey. The property is called the Parade Land, and is situated in the heart of the town of Epsom, between the railway station and the race course, close to that world-famed hostelry, the "Spread-Eagle."

LEOPOLD MOZART'S OPINION OF HIS SON, WOLFGANG.

It is not uninteresting to learn how the old Mozart expressed himself on the subject of his son's talent, and in what manner he formulated his opinion in the introduction to the second edition of his *Gründliche Violschule*, Augsburg, printed by Johann Lotter, 1769 (the original is in the *Antiquariatsbuch-handlung* at Wiesbaden).

The author excuses himself for the late appearance of the second impressions, in the following words:—"The fact is, since 1762, I have been very little at home. The extraordinary talent with which a beneficent God has, in the fullest manner, blessed my two children, was the cause of my travelling through a great part of Germany, and my long stay in France, England, and Holland. I could seize this opportunity of entertaining the public with a story of facts, which happen, perhaps, only once in a century, and which have perhaps, not occurred even once, with such wonderful accompanying circumstances, in the sphere of music; I could describe the wonderful talent of my son; I could give a detailed account of his incomprehensibly rapid progress in the entire compass of musical knowledge from the fifth up to the thirteenth year of his age; and I could, on so incredible* a matter, appeal to the incontrovertible testimony of the greatest masters of music, and even to that of Envy herself. As, however, I have merely to write a short introduction, etc., I hope, on my return from Italy, whither I intend, under the protection of God, to proceed, not only to entertain the public with this story, but also, etc., etc."

* In the original letter, as printed in the *Neus Berliner Musik-Zeitung*, from which this translation is made, we find in this place the word "unlucky" (*unglücklich*): this must be a misprint, we think, for "incredible". (*unglaublich*). The reader can, however, decide for himself.

DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW ORGAN IN THE CATHEDRAL OF ULM, BY WALKER.*—1st Manual.—1, untransalzo to 2ft. C, 32 feet; 2, principal, 16ft.; 3, tibia major, 16ft.; 4, viola di gamba, 16ft.; 6, fagott wood, (small), 16ft.; 6, contra fagott, 16ft.; 7, octav, 8ft.; 8, gemshorn, 8ft.; 9, gedact, 8ft.; 10, salcional, 8ft.; 11, floete, (open wood), 8ft.; 12, viola di gamba, 8ft.; 13, posauze, 1ft.; 14, trompette, 8ft.; 13, quint, 5½ft.; 16, fugara, 4ft.; 17, flute, 4ft.; 18, clario, 4ft.; 19, octaf, 4ft.; 20, terz, 3½ft.; 21, octaf, 2ft.; 22, wald flute, 2ft.; 23, clarinetto, 2ft.; 24, octaf, 1ft.; 25, sesquialtra, 2 ranks; 26, mixture, 5 ditto, 2½ft.; 27, mixture, 5 ditto, 4ft.; 28, cornett, 5 ditto, (all through), 10½ft.; 29, scharff, 5 ditto, 2ft.; 30, rohr flute, 4ft.—2nd Manual.—1, salcional, (lowest octave wood), 16ft.; 2, gedact, 16ft.; 3, floete, 8ft.; 4, principal, 8ft.; 5, piffaro, (small metal 3 ears), 8ft.; 6, quintaton, 8ft.; 7, dolce, 8ft.; 8, posauze, 8ft.; 9, trompette, 8ft.; 10, quint floete, 5½ft.; 11, octaf, 4ft.; 12, klein gedact, 4ft.; 13, traverso flute, 4ft.; 14, viola, 4ft.; 15, spitz flute, 4ft.; 16, piccolo (metal), 2ft.; 17, octaf, 2ft.; 18, coro (reed), 4ft.; 19, mixture, 8 ranks, 2½ft.; 20, cimbale, 3 ditto, 1ft.; 21, fagott, 8ft.; clarinetto, 8ft.; 23, gedact, 8ft.—3rd Manual.—1, bourdon, 16ft.; 2, principal, 8ft.; 3, gedact, 8ft.; 4, spitz flute, 8ft.; 5, piffaro, 8ft.; 6, harmonica, 8ft.; 7, physharmonica, 8ft.; 8, vox humana, (all through), 8ft.; 9, octaf, 4ft.; 10, gemshorn, 4ft.; 11, dolce, 4ft.; 12, nasard, 2½ft.; 13, octav, 2ft.; 14, flautino, 2ft.; 15, mixture, 5 ranks, 2ft.—4th Manual.—A combination of different registers in the other Manuals.—1st Pedal.—1, principal (metal montre), 32ft.; 2, bourdon, 32ft.; 3, bombarden (free reed), 32ft.; 4, principal, 16ft.; 5, octav, 16ft.; 6, sub bass, 16ft.; 7, violon, 16ft.; 8, gamba, 16ft.; 9, fagott (free reed), 16ft.; 10, quint, 10ft.; 11, octaf, 8ft.; 12, flute, 8ft.; 13, violincelli, 8ft.; 14, posauze, 8ft.; 15, trompette, 8ft.; 16, terz, 6½ft.; 17, quint, 5½ft.; 18, octaf, 4ft.; 19, clarino, 4ft.; 20, basso corno, 4ft.; 21, cornettino, 2ft.; 22, cornet, 5 ranks.—2nd Pedal.—1, violon, 16ft.; 2, gedekt, 16ft.; 3, serpent, 16ft.; 4, floete, 8ft.; 5, basset horn, 8ft.; 6, floete, 4ft.; 7, hohl floete, 2ft.—Copula.—1, unites 1st and 2nd manuals; 2, ditto 2nd and 3rd ditto; 3, ditto 1st and 3rd ditto; 4, ditto 4th and 3rd ditto; 5, ditto 4th and 2nd ditto; 6, ditto 4th and 1st ditto; 7, ditto 1st and 2nd pedal; 8, ditto 1st pedal to 1st manual; 9, ditto 2nd ditto 1st ditto.—(Obtained from the organ by C. McKorkell.)

* See Musical World, vol. 34, p. 470.

THE ENCORE SWINDLE.

(From *Punch*.)

MR. PUNCH cannot recognise more than a single view upon the subject of an *encore*. But his own preternatural wisdom and rectitude—he admits the fact with due humiliation—sometimes prevent his making allowances for the ignorance and injustice of others. He will therefore condescend, upon the present occasion, to explain how the matter in question stands. He is moved thereto by a variety of correspondence which has been addressed to him, and by an article in the *Musical World*, in which some ridiculous provincial censures upon Mr. Sims Reeves, the vocalist, are disposed of by a reply so unanswerable that it has naturally excited the wrath of the illogical. For it is in imperfectly educated nature to begin to revile when it ceases to reason.

Complaints were made, and what in the provinces passes for sarcasm, was let fly against the singer we have named, for his excusing himself, on the ground of indisposition, from fulfilling a certain engagement. Now, *Mr. Punch* has occasionally had his good-humoured joke with Mr. Reeves on this subject, and begs to premise that nothing herein contained will bar *Mr. Punch* of his right to say just what he likes to Mr. Reeves or anybody else. Nor, again, will *Mr. Punch's* condescending to joke upon the subject in any manner prevent his recognition of Mr. Reeves as one of the most admirable artists in the world. *Nunc tunc*, as Virgil might have said, if he had chosen.

The answer to these complaints is that British audiences consist of swindlers. It is shown that Mr. Reeves, in common with many other artists, is compelled by a dishonest British public to do double the work which he contracts to do. It is set forth by extracts from the newspapers, detailing a long provincial tour (during which Mr. Reeves has not once failed to appear when due) that the audiences have always exacted from him precisely twice the quantity of music which they were entitled to ask. They have habitually *encored* everything. And when an exhausted singer has ventured to substitute something else for the fatiguing air which is dishonestly redemanded, they have *encored* the substitution. The consequence of this selfish injustice was that Reeves, lacking the courage of Alboni and Mario, who will seldom "take" an *encore*, got knocked up, not being a mere singing machine, and had to give his throat and lungs a few days' holiday. This brought out provincial censure and sarcasm, completely met, as it appears to *Mr. Punch* and every honest person, by the *Musical World*.

By what right, we beg to ask, does an auditor cheat and rob an artist by *encoring*? A playbill promises that if you will pay a specific sum, you shall have a specific song. You pay the money (or go in with an order), and you demand twice the music you have bargained for. Do you serve anybody else so, except an artist? If you buy a pair of trousers, and they please you, do you *encore* your trousers, that is, require the tailor to give you another pair? Do you *encore* a dozen of oysters, asking the second lot for nothing, because the first were sweet and succulent? Do you *encore* a portrait, and because a painter has succeeded admirably in taking your likeness, do you clap and stamp about his studio until he paints you another copy for nothing?

But "O!" say John Bull, and Mrs. Bull, with their usual vulgarity, "these are real things, with a value, while a song's nothing but air (hair, very likely Mrs. Bull calls it) coming out of a man's mouth, and it has no value, and he ought to be very proud that we are pleased with him."

Get out of the theatre, you old idiots! Get out, you dishonest old ignorant wretches, and go to Mr. Spurgeon, or a police magistrate, or somebody, and learn your duty to your neighbour! Get out, we tell you!

And yet why should *Mr. Punch* be wrath with you? Your fathers thought in the same way about books, and wondered at an author's impudence in calling mere words by the sacred name of property. And the notion is not quite extinct yet. There, we retract, we feel compassion for you, you old creatures, not anger. You may stay. But mind this. You have no right to

steal music. If your housemaid stole your snub-nosed Patty's dog's-eared copy of the *Troubadour* from the pianoforte, you could call that housemaid a thief, and send for a policeman. What are you, that steal four songs in one evening? Take that hint to heart, and when next you are delighted with an effort that it has cost an artist years of expensive and laborious study to bring to the perfection that enchants you, and you feel disposed to cheat him out of it again, remember snub-nosed Patty and her dog's-eared music.

Were *Mr. Punch* a manager, he would borrow a hint from the omnibus, and write across the curtain

ALL ENCORES MUST BE PAID FOR,

and the money-taker should go round, attended by a detective, to require a second payment of the price of admission. On the other hand, if it could be shown that singers, or music-sellers, or friends with orders, had caused the *encores*, (for all sorts of tricks are resorted to in order to puff up indifferent wares) the night's salary of the singer supposed to be benefited should be forfeited to the general theatrical fund. As *Mr. Punch* is not a manager, he obligingly makes a present of these suggestions to the editor of the *Musical World*.

PICCOLOMINI.

No 1.

(From "The Press.")

PICCOLOMINI.—All lovers of rising lyric ability will be glad to learn that the young and piquant Piccolomini has had a real success at the Italian Opera in Paris in the *Traviata*. The opera itself does not please, although strengthened in the cast by Mario and Graziani; and the qualities recognised in the new *prima donna* are precisely those which were awarded to her in London—namely, freshness and spontaneity as an actress.—

No 2.

(From "The Athenæum.")

PICCOLOMINI.—Private letters from those on whom we can rely for some knowledge of what passes in the world of Paris (not the world of journalists or of theatrical speculators), strengthen our impression that Mdlle. Piccolomini has not succeeded at the Italian Opera there in her great part as *La Traviata*. It is seen (as by ourselves) that she has in her the stuff of a clever comic actress, with occasional touches of feeling; but it is heard (adds our informant) that she has little voice, and cannot use "that." The English, it is added, sit under some contempt for having allowed her airs and graces to excite a *furore* in a musical theatre.

No 3.

(From "Galignani's Messenger.")

MDLLE PICCOLOMINI.—The Italian Theatre, we are happy to see as sincere lovers of music, is in a vein of prosperity which many had almost ceased to hope for. Since the *début* of Mdlle. Piccolomini, we hear on the best authority, that the receipts have, for the first time since the revolution of 1848, reached the amount realised in an equal space of time, previous to that event, which found the Italian Opera in the fullest tide of prosperity, and left it an almost hopeless wreck. On Thursday (Christmas), generally the worst night of the season, *La Traviata* attracted a brilliant and crowded auditory, and went off with enthusiastic applause.

[Does *The Athenæum* or does not *The Athenæum* belong to the "world of journalists?"—Ed. M. W.]

PRODIGIOUS!—From time to time the London playbills exhibit startling wonders. Thus we now read that, at the Soho Theatre, a lady appears as Hamlet, and, according to the bill, with immense success. She is called Frau Percy Knowles. At the Olympic Theatre, on the other hand, Medea is played by a man. He calls himself Herr F. M. Robson.—*Blätter für Musik*.

MADAME CLARA SCHUMANN.—The German papers state that this celebrated pianiste is engaged to be married to M. Niels W. Gade, the composer, and intimate friend of her late husband.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—CONSERVATOIRE DE LA DANSE.—Ladies desirous to be admitted as Candidates are requested to apply forthwith, personally or by letter, to Mr. FISU, Her Majesty's Theatre, stating name, address, age, and full particulars.

P. MASSOT,
Directeur du Conservatoire & Maître du Ballet,
Her Majesty's Theatre.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—On Monday, January 5, and during the week, the new Pantomime, *SEE SAW*, MARGERY DAW, supported by Auriol, Boleno, Fleckmore, Mdles. Osmont, and Rosina Wright, with other entertainments. Commence at 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Monday, January 5, Tuesday, January 6, and Wednesday, January 7, Mr. Murieloch will appear in the comedy of *THE WONDER*, with Messrs. Buckstone, Cuipendale and Compton. After which, the Pantomime of *THE BABES IN THE WOOD*; OR, *HARLEQUIN AND THE CRUEL UNCLE*. Commence at 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—Monday, January 5, will be produced a new and original Farce, in one act, entitled, *A NIGHT AT NOTTING HILL*. Principal Characters by Mr. Wright, Mr. Paul Bedford, Mrs. Chatterley, and Miss Mary Keeley. With other entertainments. To conclude with the Burlesque Pantomime, *MOTHER SHIPTON, HER WAGER*; OR, *HARLEQUIN KNIGHT OF LOVE AND THE MAGIC WHISTLE*. Commence at 7.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Monday, Jan. 5, and during the week, the new grand Christmas Pantomime, called *ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP*; OR, *HARLEQUIN AND THE GENIE OF THE RING*. Preceded by a Play. Commence at 7.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Monday, January 5th and during the week, a new fairy extravaganza, called *YOUNG AND HANDSOME*. Principal characters, Messrs. Robson, Rogers, Leslie; Misses Swanborough, Thirlwall, St. Cass. To conclude with *CRINOLINE*. Commence at half-past 7.

LYCEUM THEATRE ROYAL.—Monday, January 5th, and during the week, the Burlesque and Pantomime of *CONRAD AND MEDORA*; OR, *HARLEQUIN CORSAIR AND THE LITTLE FAIRY AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA*, supported by Miss Woolgar, Mrs. B. White, and Mr. J. L. Toole. Preceded by a play, in which Mr. C. Dillon will appear. Commence at 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, SADLER'S WELLS.—Monday, January 5th, and during the week, the new Pantomime, *THE FISHERMAN AND THE GENIE*, preceded by a Shaksperian Play, in which Mr. Phelps will appear. Commence at 7.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUS. BAC.—The Cambridge Chronicle and University Journal Isle of Ely Herald, and Huntingdonshire Gazette, early in November announced the examination as follows:—"Degrees in Music.—The professor of music gives notice, that there will be an examination of candidates for the degree of Mus. D. and Mus. B. in the Arts' School, on Saturday, the 15th of November next, at twelve o'clock. Candidates are desired to send in the exercise required by the statutes, addressed to the Professor, care of Messrs. Deighton and Bell, before the end of the present month."

MR. T. GIMSON.—The information appeared in our last.

A SUBSCRIBER OF FIVE MONTHS ONLY must apply to the Registrar-General of births, deaths, and marriages. Had he been a subscriber of six months standing, we should have made inquiries and spared him the trouble. Subscribers of a year's standing are entitled to write their own lives—but not to have them published in the Musical World.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3RD, 1857.

SOME notion may be obtained of the kind of love for music which prevails in Naples, and is the boast of the Neapolitan people and their admirers, from the following animated description by Lord (Lady?) B. in his (her?) book on *Naples—Political, Social, and Religious*.

"No people in the world surpass the Neapolitans in quickness of comprehension, keen wit, and vivid imagination; but untrained, or ill-directed, these faculties are made subservient to intrigue, frivolity,

deceit, and superstition. The upper and middle classes derive all their little knowledge from French literature. Modern Italian authors are the objects of their ridicule and contempt; and the profound thinkers of England and Germany are beyond their comprehension. Music alone obtains universal encouragement, and the national taste being here left entirely without restraint, the love of this charming art has become a perfect passion with the Neapolitans. The beauties of nature, the luxurious softness of the climate, the volatile gaiety, and wild feelings of this southern people, all by turn find a voice in the works of their composers, most widely differing from the learned productions of German musicians, who unjustly condemn the music of a people, with whose tastes, and habits, and passions, they are unable to sympathize. *Music is cultivated in countless academies. The whole people participates in the triumph of a composer, or of a favourite singer.* The opera is the resort of all the best society in Naples. Opera-boxes replace the luxury of a drawing-room to the Neapolitan ladies; indeed, in the theatre San Carlos, they are really used as reception-rooms. Visits are paid there; *there eating, drinking, flirting, conversation, and card playing go on in a little room behind, during great part of the evening, and these amusements are only interrupted when some favourite performer is on the stage, or some beautiful passage of the music demands attention.* During such a pause you might hear a fly hum amongst an audience of five thousand people; so profound is the silence, and so deep the appreciation of high art. The listeners to an opera care nothing for the story nor the spectacle; they have heard and seen them fifty times; *but they luxuriate in the best parts of the music; it is their passion and their delight, and they pay the highest honours to its professors.*"

"So deep the appreciation of high art!" That appreciation must indeed be "deep" which confines itself within such limits. The composer has questionable cause, however, to exult when he remembers upon what his "triumph" depends, when he reflects that the largest part of his work passes unheeded—that part of it, indeed, which has exerted the artistic faculty within him to a far greater degree than the *cavatina*, or "variations," to listen to which his deeply appreciating compatriots are tempted to suspend at intervals their eating, drinking, flirting, and chattering. If he has a spark of pride he will despise such homage.

It is easy to explain why the magnificent operas of Rossini are rapidly going out of fashion in certain parts of Italy, notwithstanding their melodious charm. Rossini's operas are full of elaborate and masterly concerted pieces. It is not "*Di piacer*" alone that makes a *Gazza Ladra*, nor the willow song an *Otello*. His *finales* and *moreaux d'ensemble* have rendered the name of Rossini illustrious among musicians, and placed him nearest to the incomparable Mozart as an operatic composer. But these things with Neapolitans count for nothing!

What would be thought of a professed lover of painting who should confine his inspection to a figure, a feature, or any single object in a picture, and thence affect to decide upon its worth? He would surely be set down as a shallow trifler. And yet we can see no difference between such a *soi-disant* connoisseur and the Neapolitan *dilettante*, who pays attention to one or two passages and then pronounces a verdict on the merits of an opera.

The truth is that the boasted musical taste of the Neapolitans is a sham. The art of music has never at any time held its head so low—not in Naples alone, but throughout Italy, the country to which its history and progress are so largely indebted, and which gave birth to so many of its most justly renowned professors. The *dolce far niente* system has corroded all the elements of civilisation and of social refinement; and nothing has suffered more than music from the apathy and supineness of this gifted but inglorious people, whose sum of intellectual enjoyment in the actual age may be represented in metaphor as "tickling with a straw." Let us hope, however, that the sons and daughters of Naples

only sleep, and that a new eruption of their volcanic monitor may, before many years go past, awaken them to a sense of their utter degradation.

Lord (Lady?) B.—who appears to know about as much of music as the present race of Neopolitans—may be dismissed for a garrulous retailer of twaddle and small talk.

The following appeared in the last number of our weekly contemporary, *The Press* :—

"Since the fatal night when Covent Garden Theatre was destroyed by a fire, the origin of which cannot by any stretch of the imagination be ascribed to accident, speculation has been rife as to the future disposal of the valuable site. At one period it was given out that St. Paul's, Covent Garden, was to be pulled down, and a new church to be erected on the foundations of the burnt theatre. It was stated that Mr. Guy was in treaty for Devonshire House, and that if he succeeded in the purchase an exchange was to be effected with Government for Burlington House, where the new Royal Italian Opera-house would be built. The occupation of the Lyceum Theatre it was palpable could not extend beyond a single season. The renting of Drury-lane Theatre for the ensuing campaign can clearly only be provisional. All doubts and misgivings, however, are at an end. The indomitable energy of Mr. Gye has overcome all obstacles. There will be a new Royal Italian Opera-house, and it will be in the same locality as that which was inaugurated by the opening performance of 1847. The agreement with the Duke of Bedford, who has acted with infinite liberality, has been signed and sealed. The ground rent has been materially reduced, and the materials of the old theatre have been placed at the disposal of the new lessee."

We have been unable to gain possession of facts which would justify us in endorsing the above statement with the authority of *The Musical World*; but the writer in *The Press* appears so convinced of the truth of what he states, that he proceeds to erect a fairy palace out of his own imagination—of which, and its contingent advantages, the following is his glowing description :—

"A magnificent temple of art will be erected, one that in grandeur and extent cannot be surpassed by any other European theatre. Advantage will be taken of the immense space occupied by the existing ruins to enlarge and improve the approaches. With the erection of the theatre itself it is contemplated to combine other means of attraction and of consequent profit. And the operatic subscribers, and the general body of operatic frequenters, are to be materially benefited, not only in a pecuniary point of view, but by novel arrangements for their comfort and accommodation. One of the original arrangements of the Royal Italian Opera House, in 1846, was to break up a monopoly in the disposal of boxes and stalls, which has proved one of the greatest banes to musical undertakings in this country. If Mr. Gye can insure a reduction of prices by throwing himself on the support of the public at large, he will indeed achieve an act, the tendency of which will place operatic art on a more solid basis than it has hitherto enjoyed. In the meanwhile whilst the season is progressing, the working for the new establishment will be gradually going on."

Time will show. Meanwhile our readers may deduce opinions of their own from what is laid before them.

In that quarter of London, which seems as much identified with eighteenth-century grandeur, as the region of the pyramids with the ancient worship of Isis and Osiris, did a mighty iconoclast of all the local idols make his appearance on Tuesday last. Mr. William Makepeace Thackeray stepped upon the platform of the Marylebone Institution, an edifice situated on the high-way connecting old-fashioned Cavendish-square with old-fashioned Portman-square, and there did he denounce the "shams" of many years standing, in a mild, temperate, apologetic tone, that carried with it a greater force than the shriek of the wildest fanaticism. An empty bottle, flung at the head of Memnon, will make a great crash; but will leave the image standing as

firmly as ever. Mr. Thackeray makes no crash,—he flings no useless bottles or pebbles; but his still small voice bespeaks the crumbling of the idol at its foundation; the sense of a general tottering comes over the mind of the hearer. In the early ages of Christianity a wailing voice was heard in the air, proclaiming that the "Great god Pan was dead." When Mr. Thackeray delivered on Tuesday the first of his lectures on the "Four Georges"—was there not some breeze to flutter about the North-West corner of London, and declare in a deep foreboding whisper that a prejudice was extinguished?

If Mr. Carlyle was the first to give a deeper significance to the old word "sham" than had previously belonged to it, Mr. Thackeray is the most formidable leader in the war against the thing thus denominated. In the crusade against humbug he fills up the part of Peter the Hermit, and woe to those who close their ears to his preaching?

The "sham" of his opening lecture is the first of the four Georges who have sat upon the English throne. That dull prince can scarcely be called an idol, so far as his own proper person is concerned, but a world of idolatry is connected with him. The Buddhists have no image of the Supreme Being—in fact, scarcely acknowledge his existence—but their temples are full of idols notwithstanding,—cross-legged devotees, fashioned of wood or metal, who stand as the representatives of saintly perfection. By the choice of George I. our nation was saved from foreign domination, popery, despotism, and sundry other manifest evils; and we ought to be thankful for the deliverance. Accordingly, though the monarch has no very firm seat in our affections, we surround his name with divers pretty images, symbolical of patriotism—religion—liberality—and what not.

It is Mr. Thackeray's mission to explain the hollowness of these images, and moreover, to shew their utter dissimilarity from the objects they are intended to represent. What is this symbol of the Protestant faith—this same George I.? He worships no Deity but self, and is descended from a race of ancestors who, during the great religious wars, became Catholic or Lutheran just as suited their interests, one of the family being a princess purposely brought up in the absence of all faith, that she might be ready for the most advantageous match that good fortune might present. What is this champion of liberty? The scion of a family with whom it is an habitual usage to vend their subjects, like cattle, for the service of any imperial or royal bidder, or even to treat them as so much currency. Who purifies us from the profligacy of the Stuarts? A man whose court is a sort of pot-house Versailles—who apes the immorality of the "Grand Monarque," without a particle of his refinement, and who openly brings with him a couple of hideous courtesans to meet the people who acknowledge him as their deliverer. What is the feeling of our deliverer for his new subjects? He hates them with as much hatred as his phlegmatic nature can compass—devoutly wishes himself at home out of their reach—gratifies that wish as often as occasion presents itself—and deems it fair game to plunder them. Never was figure less likely to excite admiration.

Mr. Thackeray, then, sympathises with the nation, who called over this unworthy foreigner, and laments their delusion? Not in the least. He is frightfully impartial. Nay, if anything, he likes the royal guest rather better than the people who invited him, and draws a picture of aristocratic selfishness, disloyalty, and hypocrisy, that would make any man wince, who did not know that the morals of cabinets are governed by other principles than those of every-day life.

The Elector of Hanover is a *pis-aller*, nothing more, and well does he know and appreciate the fact. Where there is no devotion on the one side, why should there be any affection on the other? George was no hypocrite; he did not believe the effusions of loyalty that reached his ears, nor did he pretend to believe them.

After all, Mr. Thackeray comes to the conclusion, that George I. was a blessing. He was not a serf of the King of France, and he did not greatly interfere in the affairs of England. He filled his new place as a lucrative sinecure, and, if he did no good, he did no harm. We may be thankful, when we look back upon his day; but we must not admire either himself, or any single individual, to whom we are indebted for his advent. The idols have all toppled down, when Mr. Thackeray's lecture is over, and we have a sort of vague notion of a Providence working out its objects by the meanest of agents.

That strong belief in the vanity of worldly greatness, which Mr. Thackeray first expressed in those pictures of ordinary life, that render his novels the marvel of their age, and which is now inculcated through the medium of history, is not conveyed in the form of moral reflection. Mr. Thackeray does not reflect aloud,—he describes, and he describes with a purpose. The gilt gingerbread is so minutely particularized that he must be a dullard indeed, who does not see the bare parts, where the Dutch gold has been rubbed. Masterpieces of word-painting are those historical pictures of Mr. Thackeray! Every epithet is artistically introduced, and often where he is least emphatic, his sarcasm is most penetrating.

Reader, do you want to hear a brilliant, profound discourse on the old-world theme "*Vanitas Vanitatum*," and to rub up your historical knowledge at the same time?—Don't miss Mr. Thackeray's three remaining lectures.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mr. Gye has concluded his negotiations with the Crystal Palace Company for the next season, and has again secured Mad. Ristori as a grand resource for his forthcoming campaign at Drury Lane Theatre.—*The Press*.

SIG. VIALETTI.—This much-praised *basso profond(issimo)*, at present in Madrid, has signed an engagement with Mr. Lumley for Her Majesty's Theatre.

MAD. Penco and HERR THEODOR FORMES.—We are requested to state that the reports which have been circulated by the French and German papers relative to the supposed engagement of these artists at Her Majesty's Theatre are at present without foundation.

MIDDLE. BOCCARADATI.—It is affirmed that Mr. Gye has engaged this young *cantatrice* for the Royal Italian Opera during the ensuing season at Drury Lane Theatre. Her great part is said to be *Violetta*, in the *Traviata*.

SIG. TAMBERLIK is expected back in the course of the present month. He is reported to have "*resilie*" his engagement with the opera at Rio Janeiro.

MIDDLE. MARIE CRUVELLI, if rumour says truly, is about to sing at one of the concerts at the Conservatoire; and then proceeds to Brussels, where she is expected to make her *début* at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, as *Fides* in the *Prophète*.

MR. CHARLES MATHEWS is, we are happy to state, rapidly recovering from his late severe accident, and will soon be well enough to resume his professional duties.

THE COLOSSEUM.—This once-favourite place of amusement has again opened its doors to the public under the management of Dr. Bachoffner. The panoramas of London and Lisbon, the conservatories, the Greek saloon, and the stalactite caverns, the band of the Crystal Palace, and the Orpheus Glee Union, together with the singing of Miss Clara Mackenzie and Miss Susanna Cole, and performances on the flute and violoncello by Messrs. Swendsen and Daubert, drew a large audience on the opening night.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

The first concert for the present season took place on the evening of the 18th ult., at the Hanover Square Rooms, in presence of a numerous and highly fashionable audience. Mr. Henry Leslie's choir (to employ the words of the printed prospectus) "is composed of upwards of eighty members, who meet weekly for the practice and performance of vocal part music. They are for the most part amateurs." That the choir was instituted last year; that it appeared on several occasions at the concerts of the Amateur Musical Society; and that it ultimately gave a public performance on its own account, at the Hanover Square Rooms, are facts well known to our readers, who also have been duly informed of its remarkable proficiency as a vocal body. It is almost enough to say, at present, therefore, that the concert of the 18th ult. added still further to its reputation, and that the following selection of pieces constituted the programme:—

PART I. God save the Queen—arranged by Henry Leslie. Madrigal—"The Silver Swan," (A.D. 1612), Orlando Gibbons. Harvest Song—Walter C. Macfarren. Sacred Ballad—"I saw a golden sun-beam fall," Miss Sherrington—Henry Leslie. Sonata in F, pianoforte and violin, Mr. S. W. Waley, and M. Sainton—Beethoven. Part-Song—"This world is all a fleeting show"—S. W. Waley. Madrigal—"Lady, when I behold"—John Wyld.

PART II. Hunting Song—Mendelssohn. Part-Song—"I saw lovely Phillis"—R. L. Pearsall. Solo, violin, M. Sainton, *Rigoletto*—Sainton. Part-Songs for male voices—"Integer vitae," Fleming; "War Song," Kücken. Bolero from *La Chantreuse Voilée*, Miss Sherrington—Victor Massé. Madrigal—"Hard by a fountain," (A.D. 1550)—Hubert Waelrent. "Rule Britannia," (arranged by Henry Leslie)—Dr. Arne.

Mr. Walter Cecil Macfarren's "Harvest Song," Mr. S. W. Waley's part-song, the "Hunting Song" of Mendelssohn, Pearsall's "Lovely Phillis," and Kücken's "War Song" were all encored. Indeed the audience would fain have had every piece twice over; and on that account we beg to refer them to the article from *Punch* which appears in another column of this impression. Nevertheless the issue was hardly to be wondered at, since the choir displayed a marked advancement on its last year's efforts. Mendelssohn's bold and graphic "Hunting Song" was superbly sung; and equal pains were taken with the far inferior composition of M. Kücken—the Stuttgart *Capellmeister*, in place of "*feu*" Lindpaintner, so much regretted. The least successful essay of the choir was in Wilbye's difficult but masterly madrigal—"Lady, when I behold"—which was wanting in accent and precision.

Miss Sherrington was deservedly encored in the graceful song of Mr. Leslie, which she sang perfectly. We have heard her execute the sparkling clap-trap of M. Massé better. M. Sainton was in fine play; and, besides the success he achieved in his own brilliant *fantasia*, was as happy as he always is in Beethoven's sonata—deriving solid aid from the well-trained mind and fingers of Mr. W. S. Waley. Mr. Henry Leslie conducted with his accustomed talent.

At the second concert (in February), Mendelssohn's psalm for chorus, *soprano solo* and organ—"Hear my prayer"—will be attempted. We have little doubt of the result.

MR. LUMLEY has made a valuable addition to Her Majesty's Theatre, by the engagement of Madame Penco, who is now the *prima donna* in Madrid. An amateur thus writes of her from that capital:—"Nothing, to my mind, spoils one's judgment of singing (*proprement dit*) like hearing nothing but Verdi, only Verdi, always Verdi; and perhaps that is the reason why Fraschini has rather won on me as a *tenor de force*; but he certainly sings the *Trovatore* with great energy. But the nice artist is Penco. Her *début* was not as triumphant as it might have been, because this public could not understand her all at once. Her singing and acting are too *nuancés* for them; but she gradually gained ground, and her first representation in the *Trovatore* was a triumph to satisfy anyone. She sings the fourth act as well as you could wish; and in that phrase of the "*Miserere*" which I have always heard sung with sobs instead of notes, she manages to give the sob between the notes; also her rendering of the last phrase is amongst the finest things I know on the stage."—*The Press*.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

CHRISTMAS, this year, has stoutly asserted its prerogative at the theatres. With one exception, every dramatic house of entertainment in London has provided a pantomime. In the palmy days of the drama—will any learned historiographer of the stage point out to us the exact period?—pantomime was as indispensable at Christmas as a turkey or the mistletoe-bough. No audience would forego, for any amount of brilliancy or novelty, those time-honored lyrics, "Hot Codlins," and "Tippiti-witchet." The "gods" would sooner have missed their plum-pudding on Christmas-day than the clown's laughing grimaces and honest interrogatory of "How are you?" on Boxing-night. Even managers would as soon have contemplated the entire shutting up of their theatres as have encountered the public indignation by putting off their Pantaloon at this festival season. At length came innovation in the shape of burlesque, which for years threatened the domain of the legitimate amusement of Christmas. Pantomime was driven entirely out of London proper, and took refuge in the north-eastern extremities hard by the New River, and in the broad table lands by Barbican and Shoreditch, the aborigines of which localities still held faithful to their old traditions. The transpontine theatres, too—light "Surrey" and "Victoria"—adhered to ancient habitudes, and repudiated the minikin fineries of reformation. For years the principal west-end theatres gave up pantomime altogether, and stuck to burlesque. It must be owned there were reasons for the preference. Mr. Planché's inimitable Easter pieces were in high vogue, and induced many writers of talent to try their hands on a composition at once easy and fascinating. Artists, too, peculiarly qualified to shine in this class of entertainments, were not wanting. We may instance Mrs. Keeley, when she could sing, and Miss P. Horton, whose departure from the stage had, it must be acknowledged, a most deteriorating influence on the fortunes of burlesque. As in the case of the Shaksperian drama, the want of efficient artists, has been the main cause of the downfall of this once highly-prized class of dramatic entertainment. At present, it holds up its head at the Olympic—now its solitary London home—by the aid of the greatest burlesque actor this country, or perhaps any other, has ever seen—need we name Mr. F. Robson. With these preliminary remarks, we shall give our readers a bird's-eye view of the Christmas doings at the various theatres of the metropolis.

First comes time-honored Drury Lane, the very Sebastopol of pantomime, although it, too, for a period, was forced to succumb to the furious onsets of Young England and Young France. The pantomime is entitled *See Saw Margery Daw; or, Harlequin Holiday, and the Islands of Ups and Downs*. The author of the introduction is Mr. E. L. Blanchard, who has carried out the up and down idea with happy tact, and illustrated it with much skill. It is to be lamented that so much of the dialogue is unavoidably lost by the use of masks—ill-contrived masks—which seem to absorb nearly every word that is uttered. This is one great disadvantage pantomime labours under when compared to burlesque. In the harlequinade business we really do not see what is gained by doubling the Harlequin, Clown, and Pantaloon. Messrs. Deulin and Veroni are both clever Harlequins, the two Clowns, Messrs. Flexmore and Boleno, are both admirable (the first-named can have no "double"); Messrs. Barnes and Tanner, the Pantaloon, are as effectively stupid as might be desired; and it would be difficult to decide between the two agile Columbines, Madame Boleno and Miss Honey. Nevertheless, we do not see the exact drift of the manager in presenting these "counterfeit presentments." Did he expect that his audience would (none too sober on Boxing-night, and with an eye to the festivity he wished them to) see double? Or, did it ever occur to him to announce two managers by way of novelty. But besides these duplicates, there are two adult sprites and two unfledged ones. All this *embarras des richesses* does not in the least improve the pantomime, which would go quite as well without the couples. There are two scenes of great magnificence in the introduction which alone are worth going to see—Dame Holiday's "Winter Garden," and the "Fairy Factory of Fancy." The last produced an immense impression,

and ended in an enthusiastic recall for Mr. W. Beverley, the painter, and Mr. Smith, the manager. In short, the new Drury Lane pantomime is worthy of the theatre, and was eminently successful. The "gods" were unusually obstreperous, but conducted themselves like well satisfied *dives minores* escaped from the rule of Jove. The dances, led by the zealous, active, and always welcome Miss Rosina Wright—"whose presence," as *The Times* justly says, "throws light and life even into the dull scenes"—were admirable.

The subject of the Haymarket pantomime is the old story of the *Babes in the Wood*. The introductory part is treated with much spirit, and the scenery, painted by Mr. Calcott, is splendid and striking. The music, too, arranged by Mr. E. Fitzwilliam, is exceedingly happy, and embraces the most popular airs of the day. Mr. Milano was Harlequin; Miss F. Wright, Columbine; Mr. Driver, a *debutante*, well relished by the gods, Clown; and Mr. Mackay, Pantaloon. The pantomime concluded with a scenic representation of the delivery of the bark *Resolute* to the Queen by Captain Hartstein on the part of the American government—a magnificent and appropriate winding up.

The gorgeous tale of *Aladdin; or, the Wonderful Lamp*, furnishes the subject of the Princess's pantomime, which, as usual, is a magnificent affair of scenery, costume, and decorations. Miss Caroline Adams is the Columbine—a most fascinating one; Mr. Cormack, Harlequin; Mr. Huline, Clown; Mr. Paulo, Pantaloon. What gives most pleasure to the juvenilities, however, is the wonderful performances of a *troupe* of dogs and monkeys.

The experiment of last year has induced Madame Celeste to come before her admirers once more as the Dresden China Harlequin so much talked about at the time. We own our predilection for the ancient costume. We cannot feel the greatest possible sympathy for a lady in such a part, no matter how decorated. The piece is called *Mother Shipton, her Wager; or, Harlequin Knight of Love and the Magic Whistle*. The opening is written by Mr. Mark Lemon. All that pertains to the getting-up is splendid, but the comic business is rather dull.

Byron's *Corsair* has supplied the pantomime for the Lyceum. A very gorgeous affair it is, with Miss Woolgar as Conrad, Mrs. C. Dillon, Medora, and Mrs. B. White, Gulnare. The opportunities for scenic displays are not lost, and the shipwreck vies almost with last year's exhibition in the ballet of *Le Corsaire* at Her Majesty's Theatre. In the harlequinade business, Mr. Dillon followed the example of the Drury Lane manager to a certain extent, and doubled the Clown and Columbine. Messrs. T. Matthews and H. Marshall were the Clowns, and Miss Clara Morgan and Miss Ladd the Columbines. Mr. J. Marshall was the Harlequin, and Mr. Stilt Pantaloon. The three Brothers Nelson also exhibited their gymnastic feats.

The Countess de Murat's tale, *Jeune et Belle*, has supplied Mr. Planché with the groundwork for his Christmas piece at the Olympic. The story is hardly so striking as some of the Countess d'Aulnoy's "Fairy Tales," long since used up, and Mr. Robson has by no means so striking a part as in the *Yellow Dwarf* and other bye-gone popularities; nevertheless, the story of *Young and Handsome* is well adapted to dramatic purposes, and Mr. Planché, with his usual skill and felicity, has turned his materials to the best account. Mr. Robson, as Zephyr, appears in a new atmosphere; the tragic element for once is wanting, but still he shines "by his own supreme light." In his courtly attire, *à la Watteau*, he seems to have slipped down from some rare collection of Dresden china, while in his *pas de fascination* with Miss Swanborough, he realises the very idea of the times of powder and perruque. This dance, by the way, was uproariously applauded. At the end of the piece Mr. Robson was called for and received with acclamations.

Of the remaining theatres a word must suffice. The Marylebone, which has been closed for some time, opened under the management of Mr. Emery, late of the Olympic, on Boxing night, with Mr. Shirley Brookes' play of *The Creole*, Mr. Emery appearing in his original part, followed by the pantomime, *Harlequin Tit, Tat, Toe*. The Christmas piece at the Surrey is entitled *Harlequin and the Summer Queen; or, King Winter and the Fairies of the Silver Willows*; that of Saddler's Wells, *The Fisherman and the Genie*; that of the Strand, *The Magic*

Mistletoe; or, Harlequin Humbug and the Shams of London: and the Victoria, *Harlequin William the Conqueror and King Vice of the Silent City.* Astley's, too, has furnished a grand equestrian pantomime, called, *Paul Pry on Horseback, or, Harlequin and the Magic Horseshoe.*

EXETER HALL.—The third performance of the *Messiah* by the Sacred Harmonic Society took place last night.

MISS DOLBY'S SOIREE.—The last took place on Tuesday the 16th ult. The classical *morceaux* were Mozart's duet for piano-forte and violin (No. 12, in B flat), and Beethoven's sonata for piano-forte (Op. 7, in E flat). The latter was played by Herr Pauer, who was assisted by Herr Deichmann in the duet. Among the vocal pieces were two glees, a madrigal, and a four-part song. Nothing can be more wearying than an uninterrupted succession of solo vocal pieces, more especially when—as is too frequently the case—singers choose songs for any other reason than because they are good. It is refreshing, after being bored to death with ballads, to hear a hearty glee, madrigal, or part-song. Miss Dolby was assisted by the Vocal Union, who selected Beale's glee, "Go, Rose," S. Waley's four-part song, "This world is all a fleeting show," and Nethercliff's madrigal, "We happy shepherd swains." Mr. S. Waley's four-part song was encored. Elliott's glee, "Come see what pleasures," was sung by Miss Marian Moss, Messrs. Foster, Wilbye Cooper, Montem Smith, and Thomas. Mr. Benedict's unaccompanied trio, "Warbler so joyously singing," which created so great a sensation at the former *soirée*, was repeated and was again encored. The solo singers were Miss Marian Moss, Miss Dolby, and Miss Amy Dolby. Miss Dolby sang eight times, which with two encores made ten. We were most pleased with Herr Luder's "Emigré Irlandais," a very expressive ballad. The words are a literal translation from a well-known Irish song. Miss Dolby's other contributions were "Sweetest eyes," and "Merrily the thrush sings"—both composed by Angela Macirone, and both clever—Martini's "Miserere," "Terence's Farewell," and "Heigho, Janet," the last being encored. Herr Pauer also performed Henselt's "Gondola," and his own "Tarantella;" Herr Deichmann a *fantasia*, of his own composition, on the violin, in a skilful manner; and Herr Nabich, a solo on the trombone. On the whole, Miss Dolby's last series of "Musical Evenings" has been one of her best.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER.—That highly-esteemed artist, Leopold de Meyer, has given, in Copenhagen, three very brilliant concerts, which were honoured by the presence of his Majesty, the entire court, all the ministers, the *corps diplomatique*, and the nobility, and which, in addition to a rich pecuniary harvest, obtained for him a large amount of reputation and honor. He has played several times at the *soirées* of the Crown-Prince Ferdinand, and Prince Christian of Denmark, and has received the most flattering marks of their approbation.—*Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung.*

THE HANDEL MONUMENT.—At Händel's native town, Halle in Prussia, a committee has been formed for the purpose of erecting a bronze statue of the great composer, on the occasion of the centenary commemoration of his death in 1859. In response to the appeal from Halle to British sympathy, a committee has been formed in London, which desires to co-operate in this undertaking: the following are the names of its members:—Sir George Smart, President; Dr. Sterndale Bennett; John Goss, Esq.; James Turler, Esq.; Cipriani Potter, Esq.; Henry Leslie, Esq.; William Pole, Esq.; Henry F. Broadwood, Esq., Honorary Treasurer; Charles Klingemann, Esq., Honorary Secretary.

BRIGHTON.—Madame Sala's concert at the Pavilion was fully attended. The singers were Miss Clara Fraser, Miss Poole, Mr. F. Bodda, Herr Kuhe, and Mr. Edwards. Mr. Bond was the accompanist. The concerts given by the Pavilion band have been well attended. Among the pieces of dance music received with the greatest applause are the *French Quadrille*, by Jullien, and the *Star of the East* waltz, by Miss Ellen Glascock.

OXFORD.—A very large audience attended the Town Hall on the occasion of the performance of the *Messiah* by the Choral Society. The principal singers were Miss Eliza Hughes, Miss

Chambers; Messrs. Horsley, Harris, and Roberts. Several airs were well sung, in particular, "There were Shepherds," and "Rejoice greatly," by Miss Hughes. Mr. Viesohn was leader of the orchestra, and the performance appeared to give general satisfaction.

HUNTINGDON.—A performance of sacred and secular music took place on Wednesday morning, the 17th ult., by Dr. Steggall, on the new organ at All Saint's Church, built by Mr. Bryceson. Among other things, Dr. Steggall played an organ sonata by Mendelssohn and Händel's "Lord remember David." A collection of £9 4s. was made after the performance.

WITNEY.—The members of the Oxford Choral Society have given a performance of the *Messiah*, in the new school rooms lately opened by the Bishop of Oxford. The singers were, Miss Eliza Hughes, Miss Chambers; Messrs. Pettit, Horsley, Harris, and Roberts. Miss Hughes was much applauded in "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Mr. Reinagle, of Oxford, was conductor.

MANCHESTER.—On the evening of Christmas day, the *Messiah* was given in the Free Trade Hall before a densely crowded audience. The principal vocalists were Miss Sherrington, Madame Amadei, Mr. Charles Braham, and Mr. Weiss. The orchestra was led by Mr. Seymour, and Mr. D. W. Banks was the conductor. It would seem that Manchester is not controlled by a puritanical town council such as that which tyrannises over the inhabitants of Birmingham.

JULIEN AT MANCHESTER.—Christmas time would miss one of its most agreeable features were we not favoured by the presence of M. Jullien and his instrumentalists. For seventeen years he has taught us what a well-trained orchestra can accomplish, and has done much towards spreading a taste for music in this busy city. To such men we owe more than many are disposed to acknowledge. M. Jullien made his first appearance last night in the new Free-trade Hall. There could not have been much more unfavourable weather; but we doubt not that every performance will increase in its attraction, for on no previous occasion has M. Jullien appeared in Manchester with so well selected and extensive an orchestra. It numbers upwards of fifty performers, who, with the exception of some established favourites, such as Alfred Mellon, Koenig, Lavigne, Hughes, Jarrett, Collinet, &c. are all prize men of the Conservatoire at Brussels, and have been in practice together under M. Jullien's *bâton* for months. They play with a precision and skill that cannot fail to delight every musician. For five months during the summer of the present year the same orchestra performed under M. Jullien's directions to large concourses of people in the great Surrey Hall, and for several weeks with extraordinary success at Her Majesty's Theatre, which had been adapted by Mr. Lumley expressly for the purpose. In addition to this, M. Jullien brings with him two first-class vocalists, Madame Gassier and Herr Formes; with a Mr. Croft, a new English tenor.

Never before has so perfect a performance been offered to the public by the "*gran maestro*." The concert commenced with Beethoven's overture to *Leonora*, to which the dramatic character was given that M. Jullien understands so well. Of the same high class was the *andante* from Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony. Then came a charming *valse*, by Jullien, suggested by Longfellow's "Excelsior," and which partakes of the feeling such a poem might be expected to call from a sensitive nature and well-attuned ear. Master Demunck astonished and delighted the audience by his performance on the violoncello, displaying a refinement of style, a mechanism, and a purity of tone, that much older players find it difficult to acquire. The boy was rapturously applauded. The "French Quadrille" which closed the first part, had the advantage of solos by MM. Lavigne, Le Hon, Sonnenberg, Duhem, and Hughes. The selection from Verdi's *Traviata* is of a very high character, and introduces some fine instrumental solos. The effect was remarkable throughout the hall. M. Duhem is a really fine trumpet player, and M. Le Hon, another gentleman new to a Manchester audience, a talented violinist.

Herr Formes sang in the first a new composition, entitled "King Christmas," written expressly for him by Mr. Hatton. It is a jovial song, with the true English character; and the great

basso sang it as though he thoroughly understood the meaning of poet and composer. "In diesen Heiligen Hallen" found a place in the second part, and Formes never sang it more finely. He was in grand voice, and elicited encores for both his efforts. When we say that Mr. A. Mellon assisted M. Jullien in a certain portion of the performance, it will be understood that every means have been taken to add to the high character of the concerts.

Last evening (Dec. 30), the great hall looked very like the olden time when Jullien used to repeat his annual triumphs, and the applause was quite as enthusiastic. Our expression of opinion yesterday as to the merits of the orchestra is fully maintained on a second hearing. Among the solo fiddles we would point out M. Le Hon, whose sterling playing must have been highly appreciated by every musician present. The overture to *Guillaume Tell* was played in fine style. There was considerable excitement during the performance of the well-known French quadrille, the audience rising when the band gave "Partant pour la Syrie," and "Vive l'Empereur." The operatic selection (*Traviata*), with solos for flute, oboe, ophicleide, and cornets by MM. Le Hon, Lavigne, Hughes, and Kœnig, was given in a masterly manner. And then came the most extraordinary performance of the evening, that of Madame Gassier, for whom the talented Benedict has arranged the celebrated variations on the "Carnaval de Venise." How little could we suppose that natural gifts and study would allow the human voice to execute passages so intricate and daring! Madame Gassier has made progress in public estimation more rapidly than any modern vocalist of her class. She came, unheralded, to Drury Lane Theatre, under Mr. Jarrett's direction, and since then has ever been a welcome artist in the concert-room, and won wreath after wreath by qualities not to be mistaken. For purity of intonation, correctness, and skilful training, she is nowhere excelled. In one of the variations to which we allude she reached F in alt with perfect facility. During the last variation the audience were held breathless, only to shout forth an enthusiastic *encore*; when this extraordinary effort was repeated, again to receive applause, the genuine character of which there was no mistaking. The great *basso* Formes found a hearty welcome, and was encored in both his songs,—in Hatton's "Old Christmas," and "Non piu andrai," substituting once more the former song on the *encore* for the latter. Another large audience assembled last night (Dec. 31), uncommon interest being manifested in the *début* of Mr. Croft, the new tenor. The programme left nothing to desire. The leading feature of the instrumental portion was the presto scherzando, from Beethoven's symphony in A. Nothing could be finer than the execution of this. The solo of the youthful Demunck was quite as successful as on Tuesday. Madame Gassier repeated the transcription of "The Carnival" with even increased effect, her wondrous vocalisation exciting the utmost enthusiasm. Herr Formes sang "In diesen," and on being encored gave the "Christmas King," to the great satisfaction of the audience. The first appearance of a new tenor is always an advent. Mr. Croft, a young man who has studied in Italy, and recently, we understand, under Mr. Frank Mori. He possesses a sympathetic voice, somewhat limited in range, and rather weak, at present, in the lower notes, but resonant in the higher ones. His first song was Balfe's "In this old chair," which he gave with feeling. He was rapturously encored, and repeated the ballad with increased effect. His next performance was "The Thorn," without accompaniment, for which, on being encored, he substituted "La donna e mobile," his most successful display. Mr. Croft made a most favourable impression. A day performance is announced for to-day. We have only to mention that Mendelssohn's fine overture to *Ruy Blas* was played with great vigour by the band, and that the *Traviata* selection was performed with increased success.—*Manchester Examiner and Times*, Jan. 1st.

DR. CAMIDGE.—The year 1856 completes the 100th year of Dr. Camidge's family having been organists of York Minster. Mr. John Camidge, sen., succeeded Dr. Nares, on his appointment to the Chapel Royal, appointed by Dean Fountayne, in 1756. He was succeeded by his son, the late Matthew Camidge, Esq., appointed by Dean Markham.

Dr. Camidge, the grandson of John Camidge, succeeded his father, Matthew Camidge, whose deputy he was for some years, appointed by the present Dean Cockburn. For about half a century he officiated jointly with his father, and subsequently as sole organist, until indisposition compelled him to appoint a deputy, Mr. T. S. Camidge (his son), who now conducts the musical services of York Cathedral.—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

PIANOS HERZ.

(The following is the extraordinary judgment pronounced by M. Fétis on these instruments):—

There was a complicated problem to resolve—viz., to produce from every note of the piano a tone, at the same time large, full, soft, and clear, which, in whatever position the instrument might be placed,—near or at a distance, in a drawing-room, or a concert-room,—should possess power without noise, softness without weakness, and brilliancy without shrillness. This problem, of which the solution for a long time appeared Utopian, has been resolved in the most complete manner by M. Henri Herz, in the grand and semi-grand, which he exhibited at the *Exposition*, and proportionately in the *demi-oblique* pianos both of large and small size. At the trial of grand pianos of the *Exposition*, in the concert-room of the *Conservatoire*, one of these instruments struck the jury with surprise, and fixed their attention particularly. Several trials were made with the different instruments, and invariably the individual one received the unanimous eulogiums of the jury. It was marked No. 9.

At the next sitting, which was devoted to the examination of *pianos à queue* of small sizes (*semi-grands*), an instrument of the same sort was distinguished above the others, for its tone, and its incontestable superiority. The result of several trials was only to prove its superiority by the unanimous votes of the jury. It was marked No. 28.

Again at the sitting of the 17th August, during which the *demi-oblique* pianos of different sizes were heard and examined, the two instruments numbered 30 and 40 obtained the most votes, the first and fifth place in the first lot of 73 pianos of this kind.

On the opening of the sealed papers, which followed the examination, it was found that the four pianos, of which we have written above, were from the manufactory of M. Herz. After such a success, the jury, at the sitting of the 31st of August, gave unanimously to M. Herz the "*premier rang du concours*," with regard both to fullness and quality of tone.

From what we have narrated a consequence is derived, the value of which cannot be doubted—namely, that a step has been made in the art of giving a large and fine tone to pianos of different forms, particularly to *concert-pianos*, to which these qualities are the most important.

It has been stated as an objection that the piano No. 9, of M. Herz, was of a greater size than those with which it competed, and that this cause alone was the reason of its extra fullness of tone. These objections are easily replied to. Firstly, the increase of sound in the largest piano, is but four "centimetres," and the *piano à queue* (smaller size), No. 28, of which the fine tone is equally beyond doubt, was the smallest of its rivals by more than thirty "centimetres." Secondly, the jury was convinced by experience, that, far from being superior in tone, the largest pianos were often the most defective. Lastly, if it were true that the finest tone could be had by increasing the size of the instruments, there would have been no hesitation in employing this means of success.

It has been said also that the instruments which met with such approval at the *Exposition* were made expressly for the occasion by M. Herz, and that the instruments made by him on ordinary occasions were much inferior. The authors of this objection have not sought to carry it out; for if, then, the means are known how to make a piano, it is not likely that they would not always be used. That for the purpose of exhibiting a handsome piece of furniture, a fine case, fine silks, much money, time, and more patience would be sacrificed, is easily understood, because the result is certain; but to provide a musical instrument, above all a piano, with all

the requisite qualities, is for every one a problem. That the solution may be such as is desired, a complete theory of phenomena, a large and unflinching practical experience, which moreover ought always to be able to reproduce that which has already been produced, is indispensable.

FÉTIS (*Père*).

[What will M.M. Pleyel and Erard say to the above?—Ed. M. W.]

"BIG BEN OF WESTMINSTER."

[The following is the letter referred to by "Tintinabulum."—Ed. M. W.]

SIR,—In your leading article about "Big Ben," in yesterday's paper, you state, in speaking of bell-making, "That from the great variety of results it is evident that even our best professional authorities have not mastered the subject."

Being acquainted with the rules observed by bell designers, and, as a junior in Class 10 A at the Great Exhibition, the examiner of a great many castings, I am able to bear testimony to the truthfulness of your remarks; and permit me to add that I believe, so long as the present rules for bell-making are adhered to, no decisive results can be obtained, and the art will continue to be to all, as you say it is to most people, an "inscrutable mystery."

The theory pronounced by Perrault, that the full sound of a bell is a compound of the sounds of its several parts, can be satisfactorily proved, both by observation and by the known vibratory motions of the analogous vibrating bodies, to be correct; but, to deduce from this theory, as Perrault did, and bell-designers of the present day do (I do not know Mr. Denison's views), that the sonorous quality of a bell depends consequently upon its height being in proportion to its diameter as the fundamental sound is to its third major, and that if so made the full sound of the bell is obtained, because the "brim" will produce the fundamental sound, the "crown" the octavo, and the "height" the third is a deduction to which I think no one can subscribe who possesses a knowledge of the "harmony" combined with an acquaintance with the known laws of the vibrating bodies. The sooner, therefore, such a "deduction" is inserted in the list of "vulgar errors," the sooner will some better rules for bell designing be acknowledged.

I trust, and I have no doubt, that the distinguished lawyer you mention as the designer of "Big Ben" has adopted some rules which will at least produce satisfactory results. In the meantime, it would be interesting to know how many vibrations in a second "Big Ben's" sound will be caused by. Will Mr. Denison give the information? Until "Big Ben" is heard no one else can.

I do not ask the question with the intention of throwing doubt on Mr. Denison's calculations, which doubtless have been carefully made.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

HENRY WYLDE,

Mus. Doc., Professor of Harmony in
the Royal Academy of Music.

"THE RESOLUTE."—Monday evening (specially set apart for the purpose) Captain Hartstein and the American officers of the recovered Arctic ship "Resolute," gave a dinner on board, to a large party of friends, amongst whom were Messieurs Cornelius Grinnell, John Henry Dillon, Andrew Arcedeckne, Joseph Rodney Croskey, M. S. Markwell, E. Sullivan, Chevalier de Poppalardo, Major Sibley, Lieut. C. Forbes, R.N., and Lieut. Bedford Pim, R.N., one of the officers who had been forced to abandon the ship, and pedestrianise some hundreds of miles, through regions of eternal snow and thick-ribbed ice, for dear life and home. As the flags of the two nations were flying at the masthead, the imbibition was of course suitably doubled too, and the "re-union" of the jolliest description. Captain Hartstein, in a fine manly speech proposed the health of the Queen. The effect of the cheering set the crew of the "Victory" (anchored near at hand) on the *qui vive*, and when Mr. Arcedeckne had paid a mark of similar respect to the President of the United States, a second broadside of hearty good-will, must have almost induced them to spike their guns for ever *vis-à-vis* to America. On the other side the large and small waves adoration and respect for the fair-sex is a matter of religion, so the next toast was offered by Lieut. Wells—"The Ladies! God bless them!" As this included the Queen, the Princess Royal, and, indeed, all the dear creatures in both countries, the hurrahs of the first toast were *de vif cœur*, brought to

bear upon the last. Suffice it to say, that it was lucky the "Resolute" had a double-deck. Lieut. Stone then, in a neat and appropriate speech, gave "English hospitality and Mr. Arcedeckne." Mr. Markwell drank to "The health and prosperity of Mr. Henry Grinnell, the New York merchant, prince and promoter of the American Arctic expedition, sent in search of Sir John Franklin." Mr. Cornelius Grinnell (the son), evidently with heartfelt gratitude, briefly spoke his thanks. Lieut. Davison gave "Lieut. Bedford Pim, and the English officers and crew of the Resolute." This toast caused the only rivalry of the evening, for the American hosts and the English guests did their little utmost (and the lungs of all present had been severely tried for each "did a song and some more, and every song had a chorus and some more") to outcheer each other. Lieut. Pim's feelings can be more easily imagined than described—it was the first time he had been on board since, in the words of Dr. Macown, "The bold and gallant crew had fled." Even the very coquettish little copper tea-kettle, in which the grog-water hissed, must have awakened associations of the benignity of Providence, as he once more stood between the decks of a ship destined, let us hope, to for ever cement the good-will and fraternity of John Bull and Brother Jonathan. In returning thanks, he paid a tribute of respect to Sir John Franklin, and the memory of all the brave men, his companions; nor was poor Bellot forgotten. As regards the hour the party broke up (seeing that it is dark considerably beyond the small hours), it is a matter of no importance, or whether the "Ohio Boatman," the "Canadian River-Song," or the Major's repeated "heup heup, tralla la, lal la" for Mr. Buchanan astonished the nerves, more or less weak, of the surrounding craft!

Captain Hartstein, Lieutenants Wells, Stone, and Davison, and Doctors Macown and Otis, are first-rate samples of what nature evidently intended gentlemen to be, and we are quite persuaded no monarchical government could have selected better "envoyés!"

"OF THE DIVERS FASHIONS OF SINGING."—"Every man lives after his own humour, neither are all men governed by the same laws; and divers nations have divers fashions, and differ in habits, diet, studies, speech and song. Hence it is that the English do *carroll*; the French sing; the Spaniards weep; the Italians, which dwell about the coast of Janua (Genoa) *caper* with their voices, the others *bark*; but the Germans, which I am ashamed to utter, do *howl like wolves*. Now, because it is better to break friendship than to determine anything against truth, I am forced by truth to say that which the love of my country forbids me to publish. *Germany nourisheth many cantors but few musicians*. For very few, excepting those which are or have been in the chapels of princes, do truly know the art of singing. For those magistrates to whom this charge is given do appoint for the government of the service youth cantors, whom they chuse by the shrillness of their voice, not for their cunning in the art, thinking that God is pleased with *bellowing* and *braying*, of whom we read in the Scripture that he rejoiceth more in sweetness than in noise, more in the affection than in the voice."—(*From a Treatise on Music, by Andreas Ornithoparcus of Meyniz, 1535. Translated by Dowland, the Lutenist, in 1609.*)

SENSIBILITY OF SOME ANIMALS TO MUSIC.—Bonnet, in his "Histoire de la Musique et de ses Effets," treats of the sensibility of some animals, and of the effects of music upon many of them. He says, in the concluding chapter, that being in Holland, in the year 1688, he went to see a villa of Milord Portland, and was much struck with the sight of a very handsome gallery in his great stable. "At first," says he, "I concluded it was for grooms to lie in; but the master of the house told me that it was to give a concert to the horses once a week to cheer them, which they did, and the horses seemed to be greatly delighted therewith." "It is not uncommon," he adds, "to see nightingales, at the time of their making love, assemble themselves in a wood when they hear the sound of instruments, or the singing of a fine voice, which they will answer by warbling with so much violence, as often to fall down expiring at the feet of the performer." He relates that in the month of May, the Parisians go into the gardens of the Tuilleries, to play upon lutes and guitars, and that the nightingales and linnets there will perch upon the necks of the instruments, and listen with great attention and delight."—*Bonnet's Histoire de la Musique*, 13th chapter.

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